

he expresses himself in the highest terms of gratitude and approbation.

I long to have this delay and suspense put an end to, and look forward with ambition and eagerness, though scarcely with hope, to spending the remainder of my days in literary and other amusements, or employments—call them what you will—on my own dunghill, *oblitus obliviscendus*! No letters!

I am told by my correspondent at Calais that no vessel has appeared from Dover for a considerable time. Our winter is begun.

November 9th,
1797.

I have as yet no answer from the Directory, no news of my passport! What can occasion the delay? I think they will not refuse me leave to stay a week at Paris; but there is no knowing.

I long much to get away, at any rate; not that I expect any clear explanation or justice from our ministers.

Sir Sidney has at last acknowledged to me that he has frequently written against me to his friends in England. He says he only

complained